

CONTACTS

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COMMERCE

COMMERCE is the mother of the arts, the sciences, the professions, and in this twentieth century has itself become an art, a science, a profession.

As it plays with a fine touch on the strings of human nature the world over, and makes happier by its fairness the youth of today and the man of tomorrow, it is an art.

As it strives for the new and discards the old, when the old has been superseded by the better, as it invents and thinks out methods, ideas, even fundamental principles, and as its laboratory is always occupied by men who are searching for the causes of its depression and experimenting upon its possibilities of progress, so it becomes a very catholic science.

And as it studies and digs deeper into the wishes and wants of the people; as it urges and proclaims its determination to force a higher and better standard of living throughout the realm of its activity; as it hates the wrong, the deceitful, and holds up the fair and straight-forward; as it stands for greater accomplishment, greater power, greater happiness to its own workers and to the entire community as well, then it may truly be ranked as a profession, and one whose sphere of work is broader, whose almost uncountable ramifications are infinitely more far-reaching than those of any other profession.

Great is Commerce, and great is its field of work, of thought, of development.

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE
in "The Romance of Commerce"



'CROSS SECTIONS

Clever, These Chinese!

The best customers we have for our most expensive fancy soaps are—the Chinese.

If you don't believe it, drop down to the 206 Soap Section and ask Miss Stewart, or Pearl Gish, or any one of the dear girls down there. A Chinese coming to the counter is as welcome as a rich uncle at a christening, and for much the same good reason—his spending potentialities at that counter are practically unlimited. He'll inspect the best you've got and ask for something better. He doesn't bat an eyelash at two dollars a cake, which is about as high as we go; and we are informed on reliable authority that he'll go higher than that if, as, and whenever it's presented. From one end of the country to the other there is just one officially recognized all-time champion purchaser of the finest soaps that domestic or foreign manufacturers can produce—the Chinese!

Why?

Observe, first of all, that their per capita consumption of soap is the lowest in the whole world. Observe secondly that only the upper, wealthier classes in China—a comparatively tiny proportion of the huge population, and fabulously wealthy, in the minds of the other teeming millions—can use soap. Observe finally that the Chinese in this country purchase fine soaps not for personal use, but as gifts—gifts

mainly to sweethearts of their own nationality.

Just another example of a characteristic that has made the Chinese world-famous for their politeness—of the great genius they have for paying the deftest of compliments to those whom they love or admire.

The Chinese purchases fine soaps for his lady love as a way of saying to her: "Here, oh Precious Pearl, is something which you, having known such luxury all your life, will appreciate. You have always enjoyed fine soaps, for you are of the chosen of the world—the fabulously wealthy—the highly placed—the perfect ones—to you I can give this soap knowing that you, who have always had such things, will appreciate it!"

That is to say—simply by handing her a cake of good soap, he implies, without a word, his conviction that she's a reasonably desirable number. And he gets away with it!

You or I—unfortunate Occidentals—might knock a hole in the weekly envelope and spread ourselves for the best soap in the house and lay it at our lady's feet with just as complimentary intentions as the Chinese. And our lady might like it. But on the other hand our lady *might* say: "Listen, Mug, is this a suggestion?—spose it'll be Listerine next week! Outside!" And that would be that.

But not so our Oriental brother. He never misses.

Clever, these Chinese!

Enter Box Lacrosse

We got interested in the subject of Box Lacrosse when it came to our attention that our worthy 222 Department had contributed largely to the outfitting of the teams in the recently formed Winnipeg League—setting up the Wellingtons completely, and having a large finger in both the Marlboro and Argo pies. So we go looking for a story on lacrosse, and we find much interesting meat.

Lacrosse is as old as the continent. It was played in North America long before Columbus and Cartier and Champlain paid their well-remembered calls, and was a flourishing sport at the time of their arrival. Indeed, next to the absorbing pastime of removing the scalps of their neighbors, and worrying the buffalo out of existence, lacrosse was probably the greatest pastime the noble Red Man had. It is a matter of record that the game was played by a gigantic “league” comprising some forty-eight of the foremost tribes of the country—some of them separated by as much as 3,000 miles. Those were the days when a home-and-home game series caused secretaries some real worry in the matter of expense money!



The game at that time, of course, was by no means identical with the sport we see today—the most ignorant fan could pick out the difference at once! The playing area, for instance, was somewhat larger—the ambitious braves doing their stuff on a field that

varied from 400 yards to *five miles* in length. Again, a “team” sometimes consisted of as many as 300 to 500 men.

There seems to have been great elasticity in the interpretation of the rules. Some tribes used a goal six feet wide and 25 feet high, a goal being scored when the ball (a lightly wrapped bundle of rawhide thongs, sometimes sewn in a deerskin jacket)—was thrown through the opening. Others erected a single pole at either end of the field and a score was registered when the ball struck it. Others merely required the player to throw the ball over a line drawn at the end of the field—and after an end-to-end rush on a five-mile field, this seems fair enough. Due to these existing differences, any inter-tribal affair was always preceded by a meeting between the oldest medicine men of the tribes, who decided upon the common rules, and subsequently acted as referees in the contest.

The stick, too, in those days was much different to the modern one. It was a one-hand implement, seldom more than three feet long; a nearly straight stick, having at the end a circular or oval loop from three to twelve inches in diameter, strung with loose rawhide netting in which the ball was carried. It is only natural that the size of the netting varied, as did the rules of the game with the different tribes. Some tribes used two sticks, one in each hand, and carried the ball between them.

About 1865, after the white man or pale face adopted lacrosse in earnest, the lacrosse stick began to take on a great deal of present shape and appearance. Further improvement was made which enabled players to throw the ball a much longer distance. The meshing was taut and the guard about an inch high. The meshing was also approximately eight inches longer than the previous model. This enabled one to throw the ball a great distance with an underhand cast.

When lacrosse was rapidly improving and being more extensively played,

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Frank Lally, of Cornwall, Ontario, perfected and introduced the overhand throw, which was made possible by designing an entirely new stick that eventually changed the entire method of play (about 1895). His new stick was similar to the one that has been used during the past thirty-five years. It simplified catching and short passing; and lacrosse then for all time passed from a "lobby" passing, long throwing, juggling game to a skilful, rapid passing, sure-catching game. The box lacrosse stick has only one new feature, which is a guard at the base of the mesh to prevent the ball from being trapped between the outside guard and the handle.

The first indoor lacrosse was played in Canada approximately 15 years ago. It was not successful owing to the fact that 12 men were used on each side, which created a crowded condition and muffed the plays. The present box lacrosse took the public by storm. They recognized it as "the fastest game on two feet"—the dash of basketball, and the crash of football. Yet it was still lacrosse, the only difference being an abbreviated playing area, seven players instead of twelve, and that it could be played indoors under artificial light. The so-called "new game" has crashed its way into the headlines of the sport pages, and everyone has enthused over and talked about it. Several leagues, including a professional one, sprang up like mushrooms over night. Rinks which stood idle several months in the year were utilized, and crowds flocked in to see this wonder game. What is more, they liked it. Like hockey, the spectators are close to the play, which is a factor in its favor, but its greatest asset is the continual bombardment at first one goal, then the other, as the ball speeds through the air like a bullet from player to player.

Box lacrosse takes less out of the player than the 12-man game because there is not so much territory to cover. He has, therefore, much more stamina in reserve to utilize for speed. It looks as if this latest evolution of lacrosse is here to stay for some time.

More About Perfumes

We are all familiar with perfume used as a personal toilet requisite—are we so familiar with the fact that perfume is now used extensively in manufacturing and industrial processes?

Consider the rubber manufacturer, as an instance. Some time ago an American advertising agency circulated a questionnaire to thousands of people, asking them what they considered the world's most objectionable smell. Garlic and perspiration ran first and second, which fact didn't create much of a sensation with anybody. But third place was copped by *rubber*—which created a distinct sensation amongst the manufacturers of rubber products. Science got busy—and now you can buy rubber products—rubber bands, for instance—with no trace of the familiar "rubber" smell, but instead, the inspiring aroma of your favorite flower—lilac, rose, violet.

In industrial process, one of two things may be done with a disagreeable odor; it may be neutralized so that there is no odor left at all, or a pleasant odor may be added. In the manufacture of laundry soaps, as an example, certain strong-smelling ingredients have to be used. To counteract these, perfume is added—as little as two pounds per thousand, perhaps—but the unpleasant odor is killed. The soap is not "perfumed" as we understand the term—all the user is aware of is that the soap has a neutral and not unpleasant smell. But it's perfume that does it.

Again, in making silks, perfume is employed by some manufacturers to neutralize the odor of certain oils, gums, and so on, used in finishing. By using a little more perfume, any silk could be given a distinct odor of its own.

Some coated papers used for printing have a distinctly unpleasant odor—perfume is added, and publishers can get out a magazine that any reader would be glad to hold to his nose. Fly sprays are "perfumed"—so are some glues—some silk stockings. Fine Russian leather had a distinctive odor be-

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cause birch bark was used in the tanning—people knew it by the smell. Now that odor is scientifically duplicated and added to some leather of the Russia type. In Roxy's Theatre, New York, perfumes are spread throughout the whole auditorium by blowing them through the ventilation system—and what's more, the odor is changed every week!

Science and salesmanship have gone hand in hand investigating this question of odors, and have made some remarkable discoveries. They have found that out of every ten people, only two or three will have a poorly developed sense of smell—two or three will be *strongly* influenced, and the remainder quite definitely influenced. So if 70 or 80 per cent of all buyers are *conscious* of odor, and a quarter of those quite strongly influenced, odor is a factor worthy of consideration. Men are more sensitive to odors than women—believe it or not. Men like spicy odors—women don't—probably reminds 'em of the kitchen. Women are sensitive to burnt odors—men aren't. Women like the odor of musk—men don't.

The study of perfumes for industrial purposes is relatively a modern trend—but how far it has progressed may be judged by the fact that even now some new *automobiles* are "perfumed" before being placed on the market—the Cadillac has been, to good advantage, and Ford is said to be seriously working on the problem!

Sell Thy Neighbor

In these days when every dime's worth of business counts—when every sale closed or lost has its corresponding effect on the security of your job and ours—are we paying sufficient attention to one of the easiest individuals in the world for us to sell—

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR

Is he going to buy a new suit—a new rug—a radio?

Ease him into EATON'S! YOU can persuade him to look over *our* suits—*our* rugs—*our* radios—more effectively

than a full page of cuts, type, and prices big as a dinner plate. Some one has said that one satisfied customer talking over a back fence was more valuable advertising than the most effective double-page spread. Exactly the same thing can be said about one enthusiastic employee. One thousand salespeople, recruiting sales from friends and relatives, could pack 'em in at door opening in a way to make all previous records look like an Aberdeen tag day. Figure it out for yourself.

Let's go for this business. There's plenty of it—Fur Storage, Awnings, Gardens, Vacations, Weddings, Graduations, Picnics, Birthdays, New Babies—these and a thousand and one other things are going on among our friends and acquaintances all the time—and all of them mean better business for the Store—better jobs for us.

Read our advertising every day—know what's going on tomorrow in your own and every other department in the Store, from harness to hairdressing. Tell your boy friend and your girl friend and your Cousin Katie and the Joneses over the way—and watch how impressed they are when *you* tell 'em! It can't miss—and everybody in the Store gets a boost.

Joins Quarter-Century

Mr. John R. Kehoe, Department 213. "Me Father and Mother were Irish"—but Mr. Kehoe himself is Canadian born, in Perth, Lanark County, Ontario, and it's a toss-up whether his Irish ancestry or his Lanark County background stands first among things of which he's proudest. He came West in 1904 to Portage la Prairie, where he managed a department store that mildly referred to itself as "Manitoba's greatest"—came to Eaton's three years later—entered Department 213—and practically owns it today.



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Among Those Joining the Quarter-Century Club During April and May



Mr. W. C. Poole, Department 130. St. Mary's, Ont. where Mr. Timothy Eaton opened his first store, was the birthplace of the genial Mr. Poole, some 55 years ago. Thence, by always interesting stages, through London, Detroit, Chicago and Toronto, he came to Winnipeg 25 years ago to enter the Adjusting Bureau—thence to the Stock Room—back to the Adjusting, and eventually to the delivery, which department he now most efficiently leads.

Miss Essie Darling, 252 Department, daughter of old Almonte, Ontario. Miss Darling joined Eaton's in May, 1907, making her debut in the Ribbons, whence she graduated to 219, and finally to 252, when Mr. Charge first organized the Juvenile Section. She has been with 252 ever since.

Mr. Fred Piper, of 19 Department, is a man of Cornwall, England. He came to Canada in 1906, coming to Winnipeg, and joined Eaton's in 1907, serving for two weeks in the Furniture Section and thence to 19 Department. He was married in 1908, and has two sons and two daughters, one of whom, Marjorie, enjoys the privilege of serving under him in 19 Dept. today.

Mr. William White, of 133 Department, hails from Liverpool. He came to God's country in 1902, and after farming for four years, in the neighborhood of Killarney, Manitoba, joined Eaton's in 1907. With the exception of a short period in the Stock Room, Mr. White has been with Dept. 133 during his entire service.

Mr. "Dave" Wilson, Department 241, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, a fact which may still be established by listening and watching certain of his intonations and mannerisms. He wasted no time—came straight out to Winnipeg and into the Mail Order

(Stoves and Plumbing)—then to Farm Implements, and finally, in the same commodities, to the Store. He is now a leading spirit in Dept. 241.

"Such a Nice Girl—K!"

(Are You Using Your K Account to Best Advantage?)

"My dear, of course I think K is just the *nicest* person to go shopping with that you can *imagine*—I mean, I really do!

"Because I mean there's hardly a place in the Store that K won't go with you—and hardly a *thing* you can think of that K isn't just too *anxious* to help you with. I mean—I think K's *wonderful*!"

"And, of course, my dear, I think that anybody who goes *blindly* dashing out to shop anywhere that K *can't* go with them is just too-too silly—I mean I really do. Because after all, my dear, in times like *these*, you don't find many worthwhile friends like K, and to have K help you shop is just *too* good to pass up, that's all—and anybody who positively *snubs* a friend like K, and deliberately bangs out to shop where she *knows* K can't go with her, is—well, my dear—simply *too* airy-minded, that's all, and doesn't deserve a friend like K at all!"

"Really, I wouldn't dream of making a *single* solitary purchase without K—I mean I really wouldn't, even the eensy-weensy ones, because after all, even if it's only a dime or a nickel's worth, one might *just* as well have K help you. Because I mean nobody would *dream* of buying a *dollar's* worth without asking K to help; and after all, a dollar is only ten dimes, so I mean really, why not have K help you on the nickels and dimes, too—and I know that K's only too *ready* to help you with the nickels and dimes just as much as with the dollars!"

"No, my dear, I wouldn't dream of buying *anywhere* that K couldn't be with me—and I wouldn't buy a *thing* without getting K to help me."

"I mean—I found it *pays*—I mean I actually *have*!"

The History and Art of Gloves

By W. DOUGLAS, Research Bureau

Gloves are history and gloves are an art. Though once a symbol and a cult, gloves have been adapted to our twentieth century needs.

Glof. The word itself is our old English word—glof—meaning a covering for the hand. The most recent investigations go far toward proving that mankind used gloves in some form (mitts) even before the use of shoes. The prehistoric cave dwellers had undoubtedly some such covering. The caveman's gloves were made of roughly dressed skins, sewn with bone needles—the drawing of such a glove was discovered among preglacial relics, rudely etched upon a bone. They were not of ordinary size, but reaching to the elbows, anticipating by thousands of years the multi-button gloves of today. A confirmation of the proverb, "That there is nothing new under the sun." From that day to this the glove has figured in many ceremonial and symbolic ways in human intercourse. The first mention of the glove is in the Bible some 4,000 years ago—and this as a pledge or testimony.

In the Chaldaic version it is specified that the glove was to be drawn off the right hand. Jewish women did not wear gloves, but the following ornaments were fashionable 2,500 years ago: Hair nets, ankle chains, crescents, pendants, bracelets, mufflers, sashes, perfumed boxes, amulets, rings, nose jewels, robes, mantles, shawls, satchels, hand mirrors, fine linen turbans, veils, etc. (but gloves conspicuous by their absence), a very modern list of feminine adornment.

The Germans were the first people to adopt this custom of wearing gloves, although the industry was introduced by French refugees. Up to the end of the Middle Ages, the glove was laboriously made and rather as a protector from cold and injury than for cere-

monial purposes. A very old proverb has it: "For a glove to be good, three nations must contribute to it—Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it."

Very early in the industry there arose in England and the continent of Europe the society of handicrafts, known as Glovers. In 1165 the Glovers of Perth were incorporated, and in 1190 a Guild was formed in France. In 1349 the Glovers of London framed their rules and had them approved by the Corporation of the City of London. The city, fixing the price of a pair of common sheepskin gloves at 1d. (two cents). These Guilds were formed to promote trade by making improvements in the material and manufacture of the glove, also for the regulations of the trade and to ensure good workmanship. The Company of Glovers exists in London today, but does not exercise any influence on the trade.

Gloves were not in general use until the thirteenth century. When worn as ornaments they were of linen, elaborately embroidered, and sometimes reached to the elbows. The ceremonial and symbolic use was widespread and important. For example: Henry II, who died in 1189, was buried with gloves on his hands, and when the tomb of Edward I, who died in 1307, was opened in 1774, gloves were found on his hands; also King John, who died in 1216, whose grave was opened in 1797, was also buried with gloves. The gloves of Edward the Black Prince are hung above his last resting place in Canterbury Cathedral; he died in 1376. The kings of France on the point of death religiously gave gloves to their sons as a token that they were to be invested with the kingdom. The thought and act shows how real to them was the symbolism invested in the glove. It was not, however, until the sixteenth century that they realized

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their greatest elaboration. Queen Elizabeth set the fashion for wearing them richly embroidered and jewelled.

Gage—The practice of tendering a folded glove as a gage of waging one's law; the promise to fulfil a judgment of a court of law—a promise secured by a "wed" or gage is one of the oldest if not the oldest of enforceable contracts. It is from this we get our word to "wed"—wedding—the fulfilment of a moral contract. "I plight thee my troth." This gage was originally a chattel of value which had to be deposited as security, the glove became the formal symbol of such a deposit, being the most convenient loose object for this purpose. Associated with this custom was the use of gloves as the wager of battle. The throwing down of the glove as a challenge—the accuser by picking up, accepted the challenge. The phrase, "To throw down the gauntlet" is still in everyday use, as a test of sincerity.

Service—As a pledge of service. In early days a servant or vassal was initiated into the service by the investiture of a glove. Similarly an emperor symbolized by the bestowal of a glove the concession of certain rights and privileges, such as opening of markets or the holding of fairs. If he could not attend the inauguration in person, he sent his glove, which with all due ceremony was placed in a conspicuous place, showing that the proceedings were under distinguished patronage. In German towns this is particularly noticeable on their armorial bearings. The device of the glove is frequent and is a reminder of this investiture in days long past. As a nation they lay themselves out for this special patronage.

Conversely—Certain lands were held on the condition of presenting a pair of gloves yearly to the sovereign. The best illustration of this is, "The Manor of Worksop," Nottinghamshire. The service required is that the owner should find for the King a glove for his right hand on Coronation Day. The right to perform this service was granted by William the Conqueror and has continued until the Coronation of George V. When Edward VII was

crowned in 1902, a dispute arose between the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Duke of Newcastle as to who was entitled to perform this service. The court of claims decided in favor of Newcastle. These old customs persisting until the present time lend romance to gloves.

Presentations—From this ceremonial and symbolic use of gloves the custom of making presents on special occasions was a natural transition. When Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge University, the vice-chancellor offered her a pair of gloves perfumed and garnished with embroidery. The price was £3 (about \$15.00). In 1615, James I visited the same university. He accepted a pair of gloves perfumed and fastened with gold laces. It is still the custom to present a pair of white gloves to the judge who when he takes his seat for criminal cases finds there are no cases for trial. This is called a "Maiden" assize—the white gloves a symbol of a law-abiding community.

How Gloves Came to America

During the eighteenth century, Sir William Johnson brought from Scotland a number of settlers who located in what is now Fulton County, New York. Many had been glove makers in Scotland and brought with them glove patterns and proper tools for glove-making. For many years they supplied the immediate neighborhood with gloves for protection of their hands while engaged in the pioneer work of the time. It was not until 1809 that gloves were manufactured for the general market. The first supply was taken by a merchant of Johnstown, N.Y., through Albany on a pack horse. He found they sold well. Upon his return he began glove-making on a good scale by hiring the farmers' wives and daughters to come to his factory and get gloves and mittens, which were taken to their homes to be sewn. In 1826, Gloversville had become known for the manufacture of gloves. The early process was very simple—the pattern was cut from pasteboard and placed on the skin, enabling the worker to cut his material to the proper shape.

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The cutting was usually done by men and the sewing by women.

This system lasted for a generation. Soon dies and wooden mauls were introduced and those with improvements are in use today. It was not until 1852 that the first sewing machine was introduced. The real stimulus to glove-making in the "States" came during the Civil War, when a large quantity of gauntlets were required for the military service. In 1875, steam power was applied for running the sewing machine, to be superseded by electric power.

To be well gloved is a source of satisfaction and delight. It adds to our dignity and self-esteem. Like one of Dickens' characters (Micawber) our grandeur is increased by our gloves. If shabby, we hide them in a muff. Oftentimes we can tell the habits and character of a person by their gloves. The dandy we recognize at once—the semi-genteel—the hard fight with poverty in the black cloth glove, darned fingers, shabby and well worn.

Such is the romance of gloves—a whole field of unexplored territory is open for further research—glove-making—in France, Britain, Germany, Italy, etc.

It should stimulate our interest in gloves if we realize that day by day we are handling and wearing an article alive with historical meaning, outweighing all other articles of apparel, which have been the outward and visible signs of hidden things, playing a part in the world's history which no other garment can aspire to. We should be proud of the Glove Department and endeavor to make and keep Eaton's first and foremost always.

WEDDING CAKE OR BRIDE CAKE

W. SANDBROOK, 229 DEPT.

These are more commonly known as wedding cakes, but either name, according to old tradition, should be correct. The custom of having a special cake at a wedding was introduced into Britain by the Romans, as well as the nuptial ring, this latter signifying a form of servitude; but the cake or biscuit extended its signification to fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity.

The custom of throwing rice over a bride has the same intention, but may be regarded as properly out of date since the bride cake has been introduced.

For many centuries after the Romans had left Britain, the practice of breaking a cake or biscuit over the bride's head was continued, and the fragments were picked up and piled before her to distribute among her friends. And then came the restoration of King Charles II, and with him came French cooks, who speedily converted the ancient biscuit into a delicious confectionery, iced with sugar, which as time went on, evolved into the beautiful production that graces the wedding breakfast of our present day.

THE BRIDE CAKE

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For mistresse bride, the wedding cake,
Knead out the dow, and it will be
To paste of almonds, turn'd by thee
Or kiss it thou, but once or twice
And for the bride cake there'll be spice.

—Herrick (17th Century).

Mr. Mitten Joins the Quarter-Century Club

Enniskillen, Ireland—where the Fusiliers come from—is responsible for Mr. J. W. Mitten, Supervisor of 207 and 7, Mail—and we consider it a very workmanlike job for Enniskillen. He was marked by his parents for law or medicine, but early discovered that he would sooner sell, and has been proving the wisdom of his judgment ever since. He came to Canada in March, 1907, joining Eaton's the same year, serving in 129—in Clothing—in Millinery—in Gloves and Hosiery—his experience taking him to both City and Mail.



Sentimentality vs. Common Sense

A will, probated in an English court some years ago, provided a fund for the maintenance of a man "to wake up those who slept during the sermon and to chase stray dogs from the church." It seems that week-day sermons have been putting some people to sleep for a long time.

At one time people could be persuaded to do little that was worth doing unless it was tagged with a moral. Young men played games because it was "manly" to do so, and worked because it was their "duty."

It is much the same with life insurance: People had to be pressed into taking it by sticking pins in their conscience, making them feel uncomfortable until they signed on the dotted line. The time has passed when it is necessary to "back the hearse up to the door" in order to persuade people into taking a step which is so obviously to their interests.

Life insurance is a business proposition as well as a moral obligation. It provides the most convenient method for acquiring a real asset—much more real than bonds or mortgages—an asset, moreover, which can be bought, piece-meal, out of earnings. *A life assurance policy gets the policyholder out of a tight corner as often as the beneficiary.*

A man may like his work, but that is not the chief reason why he works. He wants to be able to buy things for himself and make some provision for the comfort of his dependents. If he spends *all* his money, there is nothing for his dependents, should he meet with a fatal accident or contract a fatal illness; nor is there anything for himself, to carry him through spells of bad luck or unemployment. If he saves money and puts it in the bank, he must live a long time before it amounts to a sum sufficient to do his dependents any good—besides, the temptation to draw it

out is strong; *a pen and a cheque book can destroy a year's savings on a moment's impulse.*

There is only one scheme by which the man or girl of moderate means can take care of personal contingencies and, at the same time, provide for discharging his or her responsibilities—life insurance: Whole Life Policies for those with heavy personal responsibilities, and Endowment Policies for those with no responsibilities except to themselves. There is no ballyhoo about that statement—it is common sense and good business. Another piece of sound advice is "do it now"—you'll never get it cheaper, because you are not growing younger in years, and the actuary says that growing younger in spirit doesn't count.

Everything possible has been done to make it easy for the Eaton employee to enjoy the advantages of life insurance. At the present time an employee, age 25 years, can carry an ordinary, whole-life policy for \$1,000 at a net cost to him of 25 cents weekly—the price of a package of cigarettes. Can one honestly say they cannot afford 25 cents per week? There are many who cannot afford to waste 25 cents per week, it is true, but surely there is no one, not already well insured, who can afford *not* to take advantage of this easy and attractive way of combining savings with protection against unforeseen possibilities.

The moderate cigarette smoker, who consumes three packages of cigarettes per week, may be surprised to know that he pays in taxes about \$15.00 per year. Saving with life assurance, the Eaton way, is as painless as paying taxes in ten-cent instalments on cigarettes.

In Persia everyone, from the shah down to the poorest beggar, must—by an age-old custom—buy himself a new suit of clothes for Noruz or New Year's Day—probably the biggest Annual Sale in the world!

The Story of Silk

Its History, Development and Manufacture

The culture of silk dates back to time immemorial. Almost four thousand years ago, Huang-Ti, then Chinese Emperor, who is said to have invented the making of silk garments, and encouraged and assisted his Empress, Si-Ling-Chi, to experiment with wild silkworms, which lived on mulberry trees, to see if they could be raised by the people for culture of silk.

The Empress herself collected a large number of worms from the mulberry trees, learned how to feed and raise them, and, what is more important, how to reel and unwind the silk filament from their cocoons. The raising of the silkworm gradually grew into such an important industry that the government provided nurseries for mulberry trees and silkworms. It was then the custom that the ladies of the three palaces draw lots as to which of them should be sent to the nursery to care for the worms.

In the Spring of each year, the young Empress would dispense with the women-in-waiting, who sewed and embroidered for her, and would forbid similar work for the noble ladies and ministers' wives in order that all might devote themselves to the culture of the worms.

The industry naturally and gradually developed into the great divisions of raising the mulberry trees, of which two species (the loo, or large mulberry, which was common in Northern China, and the King, or dwarf mulberry, which was native to the South of China) were combined by grafting slips from the large to the dwarf. As the tree grew, it was carefully pruned by cutting off the central branches, so as to make it spread and increase the foliage, and thus produce the modern specimen that is now used almost exclusively.

In the history of the first adventurous travellers from Europe, who reached into the then unknown lands of the Chinese Asiatics, we note reference to the wonderful fabrics they had seen in China—cloths that impressed the travellers as beautiful beyond description and unlike anything known in their home countries. These were the silks that had been woven for the highborn of China from the threads secured from the cocoon of the silkworm. As trading was opened up between the early countries of Europe and China, the rich silk fabrics of the Chinese were amongst the articles most sought after by the Europeans. The secret of making these wonderful fabrics was kept from the Europeans by the strictest rules and regulations laid down by the royal families of China. Carrying out any of the silkworm eggs or cocoons from China was forbidden by the penalty of death.

About the beginning of the sixth century A.D., the Byzantine Emperor Justinian induced two monks to travel into China to procure silkworm eggs. These monks succeeded in bringing back a quantity, concealed in the hollow of their pilgrim's staves.

Today, Japan is recognized as the largest raw silk producing country in the world, supplying approximately 75 per cent of the raw silk used in America, the largest silk-manufacturing country in the world. China and Italy supply the balance of the raw silk used in this country, but use the greater part of their production themselves; whereas Japan exports more than twice the quantity she uses herself.

The thread that is secured from the cocoon of the silkworm is called "raw silk," which corresponds to raw cotton and raw wool. From the raw silk is made the yarn or finished thread which is woven into the silk fabric.

The production of silk cocoons is, in most countries, an industry separate and distinct from the industry of silk

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reeling (taking the silk thread from the cocoons), just as the silk-reeling industry is separate and distinct from our silk-manufacturing industry. The raising of cocoons is really a farm industry, and is carried on by farmers who specialize in this work.

The silkworm eggs from which the worms are hatched are laid by the female silkworm moth after it has broken through the cocoon. As soon as it has emerged from the cocoon, the female moth mates with the male moth and is ready to lay its eggs. Each moth is placed in an individual cup in which it deposits its eggs. Having performed the task of laying its eggs, the moth immediately dies. In the modern plant, it is examined under the microscope for any signs of disease. If a moth is found to be diseased, the eggs that it has deposited in its individual cup are immediately destroyed. By this scientific method, the danger of silkworm disease spreading is largely eliminated, and the raw silk produced from disease-free worms is, naturally, of the highest quality. The eggs of the silk moth, which are laid at varying times from April until August, according to the species of the moth, are placed in cold storage to arrest their incubation until the proper time of the following season.

About the beginning of April, or as soon as the leaves begin to sprout on the mulberry trees, the moth eggs that had been laid the previous Spring are hatched into silkworms, simply by withdrawing them from cold storage and exposing them to the warmth of the atmosphere, or heated rooms. The tiny silkworms are fed on the tender, early, small mulberry leaves shredded as finely as possible. As the worm grows, the mulberry leaf is fed to it in gradually coarser size until, when it is almost full-grown, the worm is fed the whole leaf as it is taken from the tree. From the hatching to the spinning about thirty days are required. In this time, the silkworm, which is a voracious feeder, increases in weight probably five thousand times.

When fully grown, the silkworm is ready to spin its cocoon. It stops eat-

ing, raises its head in the air, and shows a desire to climb. It is then placed upon a spinning trellis, usually constructed of bamboo and ricestraw, which are especially suited for receiving the cocoon that is to be spun. When the worm is placed on the trellis for spinning, it discharges two silk filaments in the form of a gummy liquid from two minute tubes in its lower jaw, fastening the filaments to a number of straws. When exposed to the air, these filaments harden and act as supports for the cocoon. The worm then doubles itself on its back, almost like a horseshoe, and resumes the ejection of the silk filament from its tubes, winding the filament round and round its body with rapid circles of its head. It is estimated that, in making the cocoon, the silkworm describes about one ellipse a second and about three hundred thousand in all. When unwound, the silk thread that has been spun measures from four hundred to six hundred yards long, in one continuous, unbroken thread.

After completing the spinning of its cocoon, the silkworm shrinks to one-quarter its original size, and is in the chrysalis state. It then takes a well-earned rest or sleep lasting about fifteen days. At the end of this time, the chrysalis is changed to the moth, is very much alive and is ready to break through the cocoon. As most of the cocoons are used for reeling, the chrysalides (or unborn moths) are "stifled" inside the cocoons by different methods, the most common and probably the best of which is to subject the cocoons to intense dry heat.

(To be continued in July issue)

Miss Christine McPhater Joins Quarter-Century

Miss Christine McPhater, department 108, is another "down-easter," coming from the humming metropolis of Clyde, near Galt, Ontario. Coming West she made her home in Brandon for some time before coming to Winnipeg to Join Eaton's in 1907. She was for many years in the Jewelry Dept., and later associated with the Post Office. At present Miss McPhater is on one of her regular visits to her mother in the old "home town."

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"OUT EAST," 1915

(Continued)

BY T. H. HANCOCK

ED. NOTE—*This article, and the one appearing in last month's Contacts, were taken from a twenty-minute address recently delivered by Mr. Hancock to members of the Canukeena Club.*

The new department, with Lawrence in charge, was concerned with Intelligence work in Arabia, the Syrian coast, Gallipoli and Turkey in Asia. The interrogation of Turks, and personal reports of spies of all nationalities in the pay of the British, was fascinating work.

One amusing experience I remember well—sort of acting proxy for King George. Sitting in the Egyptian war office one day the door opened and a magnificent Bedouin Arab stalked in, armed with the usual damascus sword and dagger. Standing up, I gave the sign of peace, when to my surprise and some alarm, he fell to the ground and kissed my boots. Trying to appear as dignified as the Bedouin, I got hold of Lawrence, who found he was the chief of a tremendously important tribe who had journeyed 1,000 miles across the desert to pay his vows of allegiance to King George. Lawrence then put on what he called his "theatrical stunt." We solemnly invested the chief with the "robe of honor" first class with sword—a Joseph's coat creation of Manchester cotton—scarlet and green, pink and purple. The Bedouin thanked us in a long, flowery speech, finishing up with a cordial invitation, which put into English might be interpreted, "Pop in and have a cup of tea any old time you are passing," not forgetting to mention, with the true courtesy of the East, "All my wives and dancing girls are at your disposal." Let me repeat—he lived 1,000 miles away in the interior.

I have been frequently asked the question, "What sort of a fellow is Lawrence really?—Is his modesty a pose and his retirement from public life

a publicity stunt?" Let me attempt to describe him as I knew him.

Try and picture a young man about 27 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, frail of build, with fair hair and a pink-and-white complexion, with a nervous but pleasant manner, no knowledge of military lore or etiquette, in fact very intolerant of military discipline. A dreamer, a typical student—shy and retiring. He was an archaeological student who had done useful work with Kitchener in Palestine before the war. A genius at Oriental languages, including many difficult desert tribal dialects. He had a keen sense of humor, as the following incident against myself will show. When he first arrived I did not of course know much about him, and assumed he was entirely ignorant of Egypt and her ways—in fact, having been there some time, I felt somewhat "superior." One day he heard me using my best Arabic on a native orderly—just a few choice expressions I was very proud of—and said, "I say, Hancock, I wish you would help me with the language; for example, how should I ask for, say, a packet of cigarettes." I immediately rattled off glibly: "Hiddeneh Wahed Sanduk cigarra." Lawrence gravely thanked me and asked me to write it down phonetically so he could master it properly.

Another little incident showing the curious make-up of this remarkable man. Lawrence's pride and joy was a very small motor cycle worth at the most \$80.00. This was stolen and Lawrence very nearly cried. Contrast this with the man who trekked hundreds of miles over the uncharted Arabian desert where terrible heat burned off his sandals, having to go barefoot over sand teeming with scorpions and snakes; conditions so terrible that his

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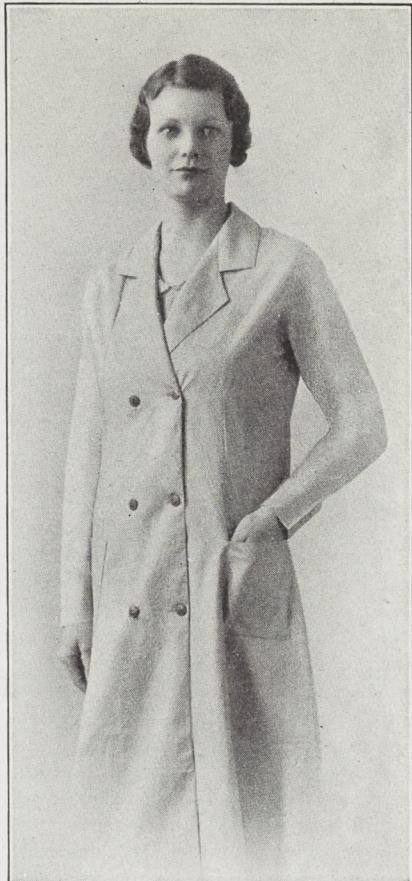
desert chieftains rebelled, lay down and died. Of a lone wild camel ride for help across the desert with only the stars to guide him—a performance which has now become a legend among the Arabs themselves. Imagine Lawrence then creating and training an enormous army of desert tribesmen—many of the tribes sworn enemies for centuries—thousands of followers of the Prophet welded into an efficient fighting force by one unbeliever. Gold was distributed, of course. Lawrence once had a treasury of 50,000 pounds sterling. But chiefly by his pledged word of an independent Arab kingdom—a promise that could not be kept—that is the reason of Lawrence's retirement, a sadly disillusioned man who feels he unwittingly secured their services under false pretences. Although a poor man, he resolutely refuses all honors or financial rewards.

And thus we will leave Lawrence. In the words of Omar Khayyam:

*"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon,
Turns ashes or it prospers and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."*

F. Harper Wins "Contacts" Prize

F. Harper, melodious vocalist of 229E-19, forsook his warbling long enough, some time ago, to write a breezy little sketch of the activities of the Grill Room Bake Shop, and enter it in the contest which *Contacts* held for best contributions to "Departmental Ditties." For his trouble, Mr. Harper carries away the five-scad award which *Contacts* offered, and we rise to congratulate him on his present literary and financial eminence.



Something Smart and Attractive in a Smock

Miss Lil. Bertram, of Department 219, poses for *Contacts* in the new smock recently suggested and approved by the Superintendent's Office for wear by Store employees.

The garment is made by "Martha Washington," and is a double-breasted style, in slightly fitted effect, with two pockets. The shade is a soft mid-green—the material a good quality broadcloth—the dye fast. They are now on sale in Department 219 at \$1.50 each.

Among the SPORTSMEN

The Softball Opening

The crash of bats and balls was to the fore on Monday night, May 16th, and our Softball League got away to a successful start when Mr. B. C. Scrivener, in the role of pitcher, with Mr. F. Johnson at the receiving end, and Mr. A. H. Robinson at the plate, waving a trusty club, crashed out a foul ball to raise the curtain on 1932, our sixth season, in a big way.

Although the weather was a little chilly, it did not hamper the crowd from getting out to see the opening games. Five interesting contests were played, which kept them excited enough to keep the chill out of their bones.

In the Girls' A Division, the Rogues took on the Summerettes, their old rivals of last season, and nosed out a 22 to 20 victory after eight innings of heavy scoring and lusty clouting of both teams. The Orioles and Imps battled to a tie in the Girls' B Division. The game was called in the seventh inning on account of darkness. The

C Division Girls' game proved another close affair when the Diamond Dots defeated the Elites 13 to 11. This is the beginners' league of the girls and it sure made a fine start by playing some nice ball, as the score indicates. There were times when things looked pretty bad for both pitchers, but the teammates came through with their assistance and straightened things out for them.

Boys' Division

In the Boys' A Division, the Cubs, last season's champions, under the guidance of J. Moore, defeated the Athletics by the score of 19 to 13, after eight innings of nice baseball. The Cubs had a big job on their hands until the eighth inning, when they managed to get five runs across the plate in the semi darkness to put the game on ice.

The big game of the evening was played on Diamond 2, where the Royals and Bats were raising a dust in the men's "has-been" league. When the smoke cleared away they found the Royals had won by 19 to 10. The Bats thought they had been playing in a fog all night when they found out what the score really was.



ACTION AT
SARGENT PARK

Ella Marshall, Summerette clouter, prepares to step into a fast one for about three sacks. Sybil Hannesson, however, is not in the least worried and is all ready to grab the offering for a good one, while "Eagle Eye" Bill Clay maintains his usual watchful interest in the proceedings.

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FOUL TIPS

A Mystery Unsolved—The disappearance of Umpire Clay's whisk remnant.

The dance of spring was the big act put on by the Royals when Bill Marples did the sprint and slide act around the bases. Fairies are not in it with Bill.

Catcher McEachern, of the M.O. Rangers, is going out well prepared these evenings. He has borrowed a goal outfit from the girls' hockey team.

Did anybody in the park see where that ball went to that Mr. Robinson threw for Mr. Scrivener to hit? A report from an aeroplane pilot says that it landed in his plane.

For a prosperity smile, note Johnny Moore when the Cubs are winning; for depression, don't go near him when on the low end.

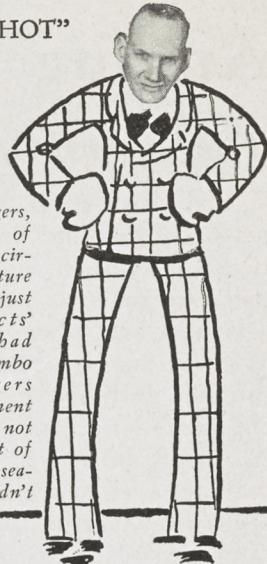
STOP PRESS!

Extra! Extra! Held over by kind permission of the Contacts' management for the second day's softball news when the highly touted M.O. Rangers met defeat at the hands of the veterans, led by the old war horse, Archie Ferguson, and his trusty warriors from the Printing Plant. It was a good game for the Rangers until the eighth inning, then the Printers pushed over the tieing and winning runs when Umpire Moore called the game on account of darkness. The old war horse himself found going a little heavy in the second inning while he was doing mound duty and the Rangers did not show any mercy on his offerings and nicked him for eight runs, which gave them a commanding lead until the latter part of the game, when the vets gradually crept up on them and finally to victory. (Mum is the word.)

In the second game of the evening the Candies took on Rosie's Tigers and tamed them down somewhat by beating them to the tune of 10 to 3, but the Tigers went to their dens fighting hard to turn defeat into victory, but Percy was there with his favorite war club and sent the ball for a ride for two circuit drives with two on each time.

"THE BIG SHOT"

This is just another one of those graceful poses which have made Jumbo Westman, scrappy pilot of the Rangers, famous as one of iron men of the circuits. This picture was snapped just after a Contacts' representative had suggested to Jumbo that the Rangers were an assortment of punks and not likely to get out of the basement all season. Jumbo couldn't see it.



LINE-UPS FOR OPENING GAMES

ROGUES—S. Hannesson, J. McCormick, F. Musgrove, E. Cropp, E. Porter, M. Begg, R. Trellor, S. Breckman, M. Sanders, N. Martin, P. Cole.

ORIOLES—A. Campbell, V. Tomlinson, A. Bell, W. Bullock, E. Campbell, B. Campbell, J. Arthur, E. Ramsay.

IMPS—P. Grini, E. Green, M. Marshall, N. King, M. Marceil, E. Stewart, B. Geddes, E. Turner, M. Ross, M. Barnett, M. Tessman.

CUBS—H. Dale, W. Evans, J. Smith, J. Benner, M. Heidrick, S. Mathias, W. Creak, W. Wilkinson, J. Davis, G. Blockley.

ROYALS—T. Anderson, R. Laidlaw, T. Glen-denning, K. Coone, R. Hutton, J. Course, W. Marples, R. McCormick, R. Webster, G. Allan.

SUMMERETTES—A. Morton, E. Marshall, O. Pateman, L. Mansfield, A. Forbes, B. Tavener, D. Bale, L. Scullion, L. Little, M. McAlpine.

DIAMOND DOTS—K. Firth, I. Cuthbert, M. Blackie, M. Matthew, N. Miller, F. Gowetor, M. Oliver, I. Hurdell, M. Turner, M. Reid.

ELITES—P. Ladd, E. Miller, F. Hiron, O. Johnson, T. Morgoch, M. Duguid, P. Thomas, D. Helgason, I. Caners, J. Johnson.

ATHLETICS—H. Licehurst, J. Haydon, R. Jagger, G. McMullin, A. Dolloway, G. Gould, J. Johnstone, A. Ingram, H. Lake, D. Gordon, E. Johannesson.

BATS—W. Fordyce, T. Humphreys, J. Galbraith, F. McLellan, C. Walker, A. Jellie, C. Julius, E. Maughan, T. Burns, G. Smith.

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Eaton Diamond Ball Entry

How many of our employees know that we have a diamond ball team in the Commercial League? This team won the Mercantile League championship last year with the loss of but one game. Because of their showing, the Commercial Diamond Ball Executive saw fit to place them in A Division of that peppy, well-organized and popular league. Here they will have much sterner opposition, and the management feel that the boys deserve your whole-hearted support.

The schedule got under way on May 11th at the Canada Bread grounds. Mr. Scrivener was invited to participate in the opening ceremonies and officially opened the league by pitching the first ball.

The line-up: C. Olsen, C. Saunders, P. Heiland, F. Anderton, D. Sprout, G. Edginton, O. Westman, G. Chambers, C. Butterhill, D. Thomes, J. Woods, J. Johnston, A. Harding, W. Cousins, W. Nixon, R. Palmer.

Home grounds—Wesley Park.

Time of games—6.30 p.m.

Both Time Offices have schedules for the season. Enquire there for date of next game and make up your mind right now to see some of these games this Summer. You will enjoy some snappy ball. The players also carry schedules.

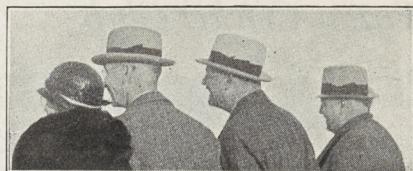
Results of games played so far:

Eaton's, 18; Manitoba 'Phones, 11.

Eaton's, 5; C.P.R., 4.



Contacts' photographer brought in this big scoop the other day—depicting a prominent Eaton sports official in a position hitherto held by many to be impossible. Out of sheer modesty he has asked that his name be withheld. Our readers will have to guess. But, again—no prize!



INTERESTED

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Mr. B. C. Scrivener and Mr. Foster Johnson watching the play at the opening of the Eaton baseball season at Sargent Park.

Football

Our football team, the Wanderers, got away to a fine start May 10th, when they emerged victors by one goal to nil, and again on May 12th they were on the right end of a two-to-nothing score. It is often said, "Good start, bad finish," but we are hoping this will be an exception. With our new goalie, J. Kulak, Dept. 221, on the job, we feel pretty safe. How about some support, gang? The home games are played on the Street Railway grounds, corner Main St. and Carruthers Ave. Watch Time Office boards.

SPOT KICKS

Many enquiries have been made asking who the good-looking chap with the green (?) car is, also is he single? Oh, Dave!

"Gob" Andy More, Dept. 48, one of our dashing forwards, will be back with us again soon. He is out at the coast with the Naval Reserve. Get ready to lose some of that beef, Andy.

Have you seen our dark-haired flash who plays left wing? (Mac) Taggart from 206; also Billie Adams from 6 Dept., on the inside.

We heard it said J. Ward, who plays centre, can do 100 yards in 10 flat. In our last game we'll gamble he was doing it in 9-2/5. Nice going, Jimmie.

Rumor has it that a certain player says he is not going to talk any more while he is on the field. The odds are two to one, Gordon.

Playing against the sun shouldn't trouble our left back; he is amongst the shades all day. Heigh, ho! Len.

The right back ought to know his yards. We see him measuring them up every day. Atta boy, Ike!

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Eaton Cricket Club

Cricketers opened their season on the 21st May with a friendly game at West End, closely followed by the rearranged league game at City Park on the 24th May. Last year the boys were runners-up, and with new men this year should see them win the division and with it the cup, not overlooking the batting and bowling cups—make it the “three.”

Here's a brief thumb nail sketch of the line up to get those interested more closely acquainted.

J. Moore, Captain—A good round-the-wicket bowler, an average bat, and in the field he takes “what have you” at all angles.

J. Slater—Headed the bowling average last year, a cool and steady “off-break ball” which commands respect, a good fielder, with the bat his timely efforts are good to see.

W. Wilkinson—A real steady opening bat, last year he came through with some delightful innings, in the field a sure catch, also a useful change bowler.

J. Ward, Vice-Captain—With the ball this man is good, both as a bowler and fielder. This season we hope to see him batting in old time form.

C. Croucher—A utility man who is an asset at all times.

W. Liver—In the long field Bill looks for a four-leaf clover until a long fly comes, then “safe in his mitt”; with the bat has put up some useful scores.

Don James—Perhaps the finest point in the city, keep up the good work, Don, make your batting as attractive as your fielding.

C. Flynn—Should get the nod from the Manitoba selectors as wicketkeeper, with the bat a lively and timely hitter.

R. Donaldson—Another man who should give the Manitoba selectors more than a passing thought, a splendid bowler and what a hitter with a bat, also a good fielder.

C. Saunders—Has led the batting average for the last year or so, a real hitter and a dangerous one, in the long field safe and sure, and useful change bowler.

Dick Mulloy—Welcome back home, Dick. Should be a tower of strength with the bat. Unequalled at cover-point, and a good change bowler.

J. Pilkington—A useful man on any team.

J. W. Flack—An all-round player who has done much, both on and off the field, for the E.C.C.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE

June 4th—Eaton's and West Kildonan, “B” Kildonan Park.

June 11th—Eaton's and Hydro, “E” City Park.

June 18th—Eaton's and White Rose, “C” City Park.

June 25th—Eaton's and East Kildonan, “A” Kildonan Park.

All games commence at 2.30—come out to these games and give the team your support.

On July 29th and 30th the famous Australians visit Winnipeg. Keep these dates open so that you can come and see this famous team.

—Imar Cantab.

Eaton Golf Club

We are on our way to another successful season. Membership now stands at 310, divided into three classes, A, B and C.

The “S. Wilson” Competition is now away to a flying start that will end up with undying glory for some lucky golfer sometime in September. The honor of the opening game in the competition falls to “Battlin’” Laing, of Dept. 229, and “Candy” Martin, of Dept. 247, with the former drawing first blood by putting “Candy” in the consolation. Several other “born” golfers are drawn against each other, just to mention a few; J. D. Eaton vs. Mr. S. Wilson, H. M. Tucker vs. Mr. G. M. Hubbs, Vice-President Houston vs. Mr. R. J. Hinch, President B. C. Scrivener vs. Mr. R. J. Fry, with the Past President, Mr. W. B. Pickard, battling against tremendous odds in the personage of A. C. Mitchell of handicap fame.

Mr. J. E. Robertson took on “Bob” Rennick in the opening round and made “Bob” travel all the way until he conceded the game on the 19th green. If this is any indication of the golf that is being played, some of last year's winners will have to look to their laurels.

We have good news for the golfers. Mr. Tucker has kindly consented to grant us two mornings in June to play the premier events of the season, known as “The Field Day,” when the R. Y. Eaton, H. M. Tucker and B. C. Scrivener Cups will be battled for once again. The forms will be ready for distribution early in June, so get your entry in early. Remember the dates—June 20th for “A” and “C” class, June 22nd for “B” class—at Elmhurst Golf Links. This is the battle of “Bunker Hills”—if you don't believe there are any bunkers on this course, just ask “Ross” Sreaton, somebody told him there were 82 bunkers but “Ross” maintains there are 85. He was in some of them twice.

* * *

Below is a clipping from a prominent golfers' magazine.

“Golf is a science, the study of a lifetime, in which you may exhaust yourself but never your subject. It is a contest, a duel, or a melee, calling for courage, skill, strategy and self-control. It is a test of temper, a trial of honor, a revealer of character. It affords a chance to play the man and act the gentleman. It means going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to nature, fresh air, exercise, a sweeping away of mental cobwebs, genuine recreation of tired tissues. It is a cure for care, an antidote to worry. It includes companionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunities for courtesy, kindness and generosity to an opponent. It promotes not only physical health but moral force.”

The True Story of

DICK WHITTINGTON

The following article is an extract from "The Romance of Commerce" by Gordon Selfridge, himself one of the greatest merchants of all time. In "The Romance of Commerce," Mr. Selfridge has left a monument of inspiration for every one connected in any way with the activities of commerce. The volume is obtainable on loan from the Educational Library on the Second Floor, and we unqualifiedly recommend it as one of the finest pieces of reading which anyone could undertake.

The story that Richard Whittington ran away from home at seven, and then begged his way for several years, rests upon no substantial foundation. The tradition, which has been a favorite with the children of all peoples for nearly five hundred years, goes on to say that Dick Whittington, hearing that the streets of London were paved with gold and silver, worked his way to the big city, where he was saved from starvation by the kindness of a merchant named Fitzwarren.

He lived for some time in this merchant's home in Leadenhall Street, where he was favored by the merchant's daughter, Mistress Alice, but treated most unkindly by the "vile jade of a cook," under whose direct charge he was. Then one day his master sent a shipful of merchandise to Barbary, and with the spirit of a true sportsman let his servants also venture something on the voyage. Poor Dick had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny with which to drive away the rats, which were too frequent visitors to his garret, and so he sent this cat as his "venture." After the ship had been a long time away Dick seems to have concluded that life under the cook's tyranny was hardly worth living, and ran away from his master's house; but he had only reached Bunhill Fields when the bells of old Bow Church rang out a melody which seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

And according to the legend Dick thought better of his determination and turned back to the house in Leadenhall Street. We can imagine—for the whole tradition is imaginary—his surprise and delight on returning to learn that his cat had been bought by the King of Barbary for £100,000. Obviously this great fortune at once made Whittington one of the richest commoners in England, and permitted him to marry Mistress Alice, and in time to complete the prophecy of Bow Bells, and become thrice Lord Mayor of London.

This legend has been traced back to within a generation of Whittington's death, and a cat is in some way closely associated with his success. Some say that Whittington did marry Alice, and the "Cat" was the name of the ship. Lysons tells us of "a singular discovery of a sculptured stone in basso reliefo, representing young Whittington with the cat in his arms." This stone was dug up by those employed in building a sewer at Gloucester on the very spot where Richard Whittington, grand-nephew of the celebrated Lord Mayor had built his town house in 1460. The stone may have formed part of a mantelpiece, or a tablet over the door of the house, and as the grand-nephew was probably born before his great uncle's death this would seem to indicate that he was familiar with the story of the cat, and proud of the association.

However this may have been, we can safely picture Dick Whittington as serving the long term of apprenticeship required of everyone aspiring to trade on a large scale before he could become a member of one of the great city companies. He had elected to become a mercer, and must have stood

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day after day in Cheapside or Cornhill offering a stock of haberdashery to the passers-by. His associations were rough and coarse, and his pleasures must have been of the rude sort, which characterized the apprentice life of the time.

Richard Whittington was elected Sheriff in 1393. He was at this time about forty years old, a master mercer, and a member of the Mercers' Guild, with five apprentices working under him. In 1397 he was named Mayor, but seeming to consider it futile to undertake reforms in municipal matters during the life of King Richard, devoted himself almost entirely to the upbuilding and promotion of trade.

The dignity of trade was increasing rapidly, and probably largely through Whittington's efforts. In 1400 we find his name in the list of great merchants and others who were excused from attendance upon Henry IV's Scottish wars, and he seems to have won the respect and confidence of this ruler by the aid of innumerable loans. In 1406, the year of his second mayoralty, he lent the King £1,000, holding as security the customs on hides and wool, though the wealthiest of the nobles contributed not more than £500 to relieve the royal necessity. He was elected to Parliament for the City of London in 1416, and in 1419 was chosen Mayor for the fourth time, thus more than substantiating the legendary prophecy of the Bow Bells. During his last year of mayoralty he invited the King, Henry V, to a sumptuous entertainment at the Guildhall. Among the novel features of the evening was a marvellous fire of sweet-smelling woods from the Indies, upon which were sprinkled cinnamon and other costly spices. While his guests were praising this superb fire, Whittington caused a cupboard door to be opened, and a great bundle of bonds was taken therefrom and placed in his hands. These bonds amounted in value to £60,000, and would be equal to twenty times that amount today. They had been issued by the sovereign during the French wars, and Whittington had diligently bought them up from various merchants and money-lenders,

to whom they had been given. All these he flung into the sweet-scented fire. The King, as soon as he realized what had been done, exclaimed, "Never had prince such a subject," to which Whittington hastened to reply, "And never had subject such a prince." Knighthood followed, almost as a matter of course.

The story is a charming one, so let us believe it if we can, for though there is no proof, it may nevertheless be true, for we have other definite knowledge of Whittington's extreme liberality.

He built the library of Grey Friars Monastery, and furnished the books. He rebuilt churches, founded a college, and contributed to every good effort throughout the country. He helped the poor, and the sick, and the neediest among his fellow-men. He began to rebuild Newgate Prison, "a most ugly and loathsome prison, so contagious of air that it caused the death of many men," and, dying before the work was done, left money for its completion.

Another of the provisions of his will, extraordinary for his day, was for the paving and glazing of the Guildhall, luxuries which were then almost entirely confined to palaces.

He lived in Crutch Friars in considerable state, and died in the Winter of 1423, respected by all and beloved by many.

No one can study the information we possess regarding this remarkable man and not regret its brevity. He gained from the commerce money, position, and a life which he enjoyed. After the fire of young manhood had burned out, he devoted himself to acts of kindness. He was a great and good man. He had a sweetness and a tenderness of character which, with determination and courage, does much towards making a good man, a true friend and a splendid citizen.

Mr. Beal Continues to Improve

Further word has been received from Mr. Beal (one communication by his own hand) which indicates that his progress to complete recovery continues steady and fairly rapid. As we go to press, Mr. Beal is recuperating at the Del Mar Hotel, Del Mar, Southern California.

CONTACTS

"NIZE BABIES!"

Have You Any?—
Do You Know Any?—



*Then Get Out Your Cameras—Take Their Pictures—
and Enter Them in "Contacts"*

"NIZE BABIES" SNAPSHOT COMPETITION

THE other day we happened to be looking through a store magazine published by one of the largest department stores in the City of New York. And in this particular issue what do we see but a whole page of snapshots of babies—and the heading was: "—people manage to have the cutest kids."

So we said to ourselves that, by golly, no burg like this, now, New York can show US anything in the way of Nize Babies—we'll see what EATON Babies look like!

So bring 'em on!—your own Babies and Kiddies—your relatives' B. and K.—your neighbors' B. and K.—take their pictures—let us have them before 9.30 a.m., Monday, July 18th, and let's see what we can show New York!

PRIZES?—SURE!

First Prize, \$10.00 Second Prize, \$5.00
Third Prize, \$3.00

And Here Are The Rules—Read Carefully

- 1—Contest open to all Eaton employees.
- 2—Saps must be taken on or after Wednesday, June 1st; must have been printed by Eaton's—and be submitted *before* 9.30 a.m., Monday, July 18th.
- 3—Babies and children up to *six years of age* will be proper subjects. The photos will be judged mostly from a human-interest standpoint—a "happy baby"—a typical childhood picture—rather than for their technique; though, to be sure, it will help if the picture is well taken.
- 4—Leave your entries (snapshot prints) at the Camera Counter, or deliver to the Editor of Contacts. Write on the back your name and Department No., and the name and age of the Nize Baby. **LET'S GO!**

CONTACTS

THE POETS' CORNER

THE RECIPE

The buyer and the copywriter
Chatted in an aisle;
They sobbed like anything to see
Such quantities of style.
(The tears, it's only fair to add,
Were mostly crocodile.)

"If I chose goods one-fourth less fine,
And cut the price a quarter,
Do you suppose," the buyer said,
"They'd sell the way they oughter?"
"Let's try an ad," the writer said
And wept into a blotter.

"O, shoppers, come and visit us,"
Her copy did beseech,
"You'll find the very goods you want,
And priced within your reach.
They all are new and fashion-right,
No more than ten to each."

Then four prompt shoppers hurried in
And yet another four,
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more,
By elevators, escalators
Hasting to that floor.

They pushed and pulled and poked and shoved,
They grabbed at this and that;
For all of them were out of breath,
And most of them were fat.
They left the counter cleanly swept
In twenty seconds flat.

"You see!" the manager declaimed,
And sounded very wise,
"Success is all a matter of
Good judgment in your buys!"
"But don't forget," the writer yawned,
"You have to advertise!"

CONTRASTS

One clerk was courteous and fair of face
And came from the "stock" of a "selling race."
The customers came from near and far,
And found her ability well above par.

The other was sullen and short of speech,
And sprang from a race one can seldom teach.
The customers didn't buy much from her,
And wondered what Eaton's had *her* there for.

The lady was wanting some things to buy,
And weighed up both clerks with a knowing
eye.

She passed by the one as though unseen,
And bought from the other with the cheerful
mien.

The moral is plain for all to see—
Be courteous, cheerful, and soon we'll be
Out of depression—perish the word,
Pressing on to the goal and the golden reward.

—W. E. Johnston, 112.

A CUP OF GRILL-ROOM TEA

By One Who Drinks It

When you're weary and you're fagged,
And life scarcely seems worth while,
And the world seems topsy turvy,
And you hardly dare to smile.
When things are all against you,
And you're blue, as blue can be,
There's a heavenly bit of comfort
In a cup of Grill-Room Tea.

When the ice man breaks your ice box,
And the water man is cross,
And the grocer brings you groceries
That are just a total loss.
When the butcher has a jag on—
Sends you meat tough as can be,
There's a heavenly bit of comfort
In a cup of Grill-Room Tea.

When the hens scratch up the garden,
And the pup upsets the paint,
The wind blows down the wood-pile,
And you're feeling very faint.
When you take a sudden notion
Things are black as they can be
—Then run right out in the kitchen
—Make a cup of Grill-Room Tea.

WORK

WORK, *good, hard, honest work*, will achieve almost any material thing in this world, and work may be delightful, noble, exhilarating, fascinating. Work may be full of excitement, of satisfaction, of joy and happiness. Work may be directed in a thousand channels, but of all golden chances, of all departments of endeavor, none, none presents such infinite and kaleidoscopic, always changing opportunities as does that broadest, surest field of effort called COMMERCE—a field yielding *its rich harvest* in quick response to *well-directed energy*—a field to be looked upon, if we will, as surrounded with beautiful flowers, fragrant always with wonderful romance.

—GORDON SELFRIDGE
in "*The Romance of Commerce*."

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

Here and There—

The spirit of Spring has descended upon department 259A with devastating effects—a sort of blanket infection that bids fair to "clean out the joint." . . . Gladys Lomax has gotten herself all tangled up with Mr. "Chuck" Helyer and will be jumping off the dock with that gentleman any time in the near future. . . . Mary Miller will be leaving in June to become Mr. Murray Bert's Income Tax Exemption. . . . Dorothy Pickett, presumably interested in real estate, has elected Mr. Verne Rattray as permanent escort. . . . And finally Mamie Benson has succumbed to the overwhelming flood of correspondence deluged on her by Mr. Bill Wright, of Regina, and has consented to darn his socks for him commencing—now where did we put that date? . . . Arnold McCormick, Bill Miles, Alex Teal and Moe Woods continue to make rude noises at each on some golf course or other every Sunday, with Arnold and Alex invariably taking a workmanlike pasting every encounter from their older opponents. The McCormick-Teal organization took golf lessons but it didn't help a bit. Bill Miles played one day with a pair of fiendishly blistered hands, but he and his partner were still invincible. Bill and Moe are beginning to lose interest in the affair and are thinking of sending along a pair of their grandchildren to take the boys on next time and make the match a little more interesting! . . . We understand that Mr. Lawrie (160) was so elated at his recent triumph over Bob McConkey at a local golf course that he felt himself justified in entering up the event in "The Lost Day." . . . Miss Maud Phillip, of department 207, has left on a vacation to visit her mother in the Old Country. The department unites in wishing "Maudie" a pleasant journey and safe return. . . . Miss "Bella" Jack, of department 245, has announced her engagement, and commencing sometime in September will be tossing flapjacks for one Stan. Bowdler, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bowdler of this city. Following the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Bowdler are to reside in Regina—which is just one more undeserved break for Regina. . . . Mr. B. M. Buckboro, of 248, Service Shop, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son. Young Master Buckboro has two sisters all ready to bring him up. He came to town on Friday, 27th May. . . . Gertrude Anderson, of 252, surprised the Store by announcing her intention of leaving to be married to Mr. Vic Lindquist, star of the Winnipeg Olympic hockey team. She left on Saturday, May 28th, loaded with the best wishes of her department, and a handsome presentation made by Mr. Middleton on behalf of 252. Canada's hockey supremacy is assured. . . . The well-known "Chisel" McConkey, of 160, pulled down a neat pair of golf shoes in a recent tournament. But we hear that the adjustment of golf handicaps, as compared with snooker,

will not be in Mr. McConkey's hands. . . . Holly Virginia Forster has forsaken 206, and left on the 28th May for Beulah, Man., where she will be married on June 11th to Mr. G. Wilson Rattray (Ed. Note—See reference department 259A, this article. Has the Store declared open season on these unfortunate Rattrays?) . . . Messrs Summers, Tease and McCullum, leading lights in Angling Club activities, visited the fishing lodge last week, checked things over, and report everything, including the appetites of the fish, in splendid condition for a banner season. . . . Professor Percy, Contacts' representative in 254 department, has been writing law exams, and, hence, news from that department is scarce. However, we hear that Dinty Moore is getting ready for his season of Marathon Golf.

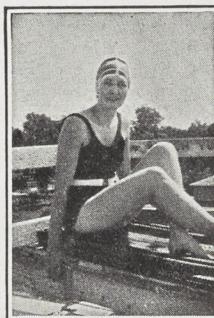
7—

A very exciting bowling league was carried on through the Winter months, with the majority of the bowlers working in 7 Dept. However, after the final play-offs the winning team was no other than the one known as the "Goodmanites." This team deserves to carry off the big money prize, and the lucky ones to share this were: B. Goodman, W. Clapham, M. Manson, M. Caldwell and L. Doyle. Three cheers goes to the treasurer, as, it so happens, she was fortunate enough to be on the winning team. We wonder how that was arranged?

Oh, by the way, did you hear about the young flapper who went horseback riding the other Sunday and then had to stay out a half a day because of her aches and pains. How about an air cushion the next time, Dodie?

We hope by the time this goes to press that Miss B. Warren will be back with us again and enjoying the best of health. —A. C. Scott.

And This—is Sadie, and Sadie had an idea that Contacts was gunning for her picture, and tried to fool Contacts by utterly ruining a roll of film which the innocent Mr. Clarence Whitfield had in his camera, thinking that the picture Contacts wanted was in the roll. But it wasn't. Shucks, you can't fool Contacts. Nice girl, Sadie!



19—

We notice by last month's *Contacts* that 7 Dept. were talking about records that were hard to beat. How about this one (this by the way is a Bouquet for 204).

CONTACTS

Twenty-five years ago, May 28th, Mr. Piper came to work in 19 Dept. (which was a break for us) and in the second week he was here there was a watch sale. He bought a 15-jewel watch at half price, \$8.50. To date the said watch has cost only \$10.00, for cleaning and repairs, and still keeps perfect time.

Now isn't that something pretty hard to beat. Of course 204 will say, "Nothing unusual for Eaton watches," but we think it is pretty good advertising.

As we believe there is a new one in the offing, some wise person should speak for this one.

105, 106A—

Depts. 105 and 106A wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to Miss L. Bode, who has just completed twenty-five years of service. We all hope you have a very pleasant trip to England and enjoy yourself to the utmost.

Date—June 25th, 1932.

Time—Seven-thirty o'clock.

Place—St. Matthews Church.

Well, Vera Mortimore, to you we extend our most sincere wishes for happiness and success in your new role as a wife.

We are pleased to see Lil back at the C.O.D. table again. Hope you are feeling O.K. now after your operation.

234—

All things come to those who wait, and, true to form, the good old Springtime is here again—in the air, in the blissful heart—in the plastic mud and in the dark odor of much well-chosen garbage.

How pleasant it was to watch the snow vanish, uncovering the lawns in front of the house, and countless bottles behind! Soon the ardent rains will be displaying milady's Eatonia curly locks, only to be followed by the bright sunshine when once again the "Don Juan" stores his hat in moth balls displaying his high-class Eatonia hair cut—unsurpassed by none other than our own tonsorial artists.

A gushing little thing told one of our coworkers that she admired so much men who had won the V.C., but that retiring (married) gentleman modestly explained that that particular medal was merely for upsetting pins in a five-pin bowling league. This modest gentleman being none other than Bert Laurane, who enjoys a fine reputation on the alleys. Congrats, Bert.

Tonsorial Titters—

A hairdresser makes many fast friends—among the fastest being the blondes.

Then there's that one about the absent-minded hairdresser who kissed his wife and then began to give her a finger wave.

236—

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

We think that it would be most fitting If you would learn to take up knitting, A rainy day is made more sunny A way to make some extra money.

Now is the time to learn to sew, A simple way to save your dough. We help you choose thread and designs For tables, chairs or even blinds. So come and see our fine display Of models, new, most every day. We aim to please and satisfy Our customers who come to buy.

Some of our staff were roller skating the other night and they had a great time. We are still wondering if Mr. So and So was able to sleep that night. Have you heard, Vera? The next night promises to be bigger and better than ever.

Our best wishes, Miss Staines, for a very pleasant trip.

Now that the holiday season is here again, to all our listeners we say, "Happy holidays."

10, 52—

Miss Florence Harding is leaving for an extended trip to England, sailing shortly on the "Empress of Britain." Have a nice time, Florence, and enjoy yourself. And don't forget to get sea sick, they say it's lots of fun, but try it yourself.

Ida Wright gave the natives a treat by coming in with a brand new diamond! Nice work, Monk, you're a very discerning young man!

Mrs. Jack Frances (nee Miss Charlotte Gerrard of 2 Dept.) has presented Jack with a baby daughter. "Proud papa."

Is Bill Cousins, of Ironmen fame, playing a better brand of ball since the removal of his tonsils?

JO-JO, The Boy Copywriter



A dramatic picturization of the home-life of Dr. Joseph Trainor, popular City Ad. wordsmith, as it is since Master David Trainor arrived two or three weeks ago. Joe is a Spud Islander, pointing to the city of Charlottetown, P.E.I., as the scene of his happy, laughing boyhood, so that Master David, born in Winnipeg, is that much farther ahead of his old man already. Joe's pride in the little arrival is well demonstrated in this stirring picture—no matter what the little fellow does, Joe, the poor goof, seems to like it! Heh! Heh! Heh!